

A
D I A L O G U E,

B E T W E E N

A Southern Delegate,

1061. h. 29.
13.

A N D

H I S S P O U S E,

O N H I S R E T U R N F R O M

The Grand Continental Congress.

A F R A G M E N T,

I N S C R I B E D

To the MARRIED LADIES of *America*,

By their most sincere,

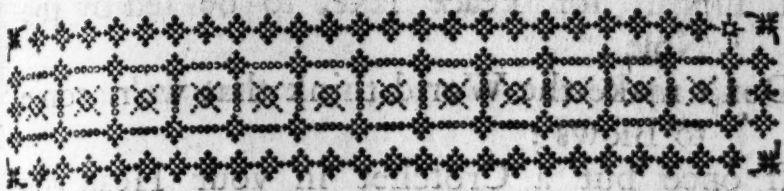
And affectionate Friend,

And Servant,

M A R Y V. V.

Printed in the Year M, DCC, LXXIV.





A

DIALOGUE, &c.

IN less than a Year,

WIFE. Mark me Sir, you'll repent of't, as
sure as you're there.

HUSBAND. Pray, for God's Sake, my Dear,
be a little discreet ;

As I hope to be fav'd, you'll alarm the whole
Street ;

Don't delight so in scolding yourself out of
Breath ;

To the Neighbours 'tis Sport, but to me it
is Death.

I

I submit for Peace sake, to be led by the
Nose ;

Don't make the World think that we're come
to Blows :

If once but a Crotchet in your Head you
have got,

For your Husband's Advice, Ma'm, you care
not a Groat.

There are many wise People, I'd have you to
know,

Who often have ask'd it, and have follow'd
it too:

If I speak but a Word, you rave like a Fury,
The Patience of *Job*, Madam, wou'dn't,
cou'dn't endure ye:

Had I a Million of Sons, Ah! by the Lord
Harry,

I'd advise every one of them never to marry.

WIFE. Call the Doctor!—by this un-
usual Palaver,

I fear thou'lt been bit, you so foam and so
flaver:

Alas! never,——ah!——never, elect him
again;

This pride of Delegation, turns many a
Brain.

HUSBAND. You mistook me, my Dear, I
did not pretend,

Every Measure of Congress, right or wrong
to defend ;

Many

Many Things they've left undone, they shou'd
surely have done,

Many Things they have done, they shou'd
have sure let alone :

The ----- *Suffolk* ----- Appro-
bation,

England ----- d—m—n

Nice Discussions, a wise Man will ever decline,
When his Head and his Heart are o'er heated
with Wine :

Men, when drunk, are all Heroes, all prudent,
all gallant ;

Stark Fools, become Sages ; rank Cowards,
grow valiant :

High Matters of State should be plann'd be-
fore Dinner ;

A Saint in the Morn, is at Night oft a Sinner :
But grant their Resolves were more absurd
than they are,

Could you really expect your meek Husband
would dare

Oppose such a Torrent, when its very well
known,

He dares not say to your Face, his Soul is his
own.

WIFE. God bless us, and keep us ! why,
my Dearest, till now,
I ne'er heard you so wise, or so witty, I vow ;
I

I protest this same Congress's a very fine
School ;

A Man comes back a *Chatbam*, who went
there a Fool.

HUSBAND. You're afraid to hear all, but
for once I will speak,
Wherever I am known, I am call'd *Jerry*
Sneak ;
I bear, for all that, with your Caprice, and
your Tricks,
But prithee, Dear, dabble not in our Politics.

WIFE. Prithee ! ha, ha, ha, Prithee ! my
Senator grave !
Sir ! I'll make you repent of that Speech, to
your Grave ;
Why had'st not said, KNOW THEN, like
the mighty Congress,
I presume you'd a Hand in that civil Ad-
dress :
Indeed, my sweet Sir, when you treat with
your Betters,
You should mind how you speak, and how
you write Letters.

HUSBAND. That Horse-laugh is all feign'd,
with much better Grace,
You know Ma'm, you cou'd hit me a Slap in
the Face :

Consider

Consider, my Dear, you're a Woman of
Fashion,
'Tis really indecent to be in such Passion;
Mind thy Household-Affairs, teach thy Chil-
dren to read,
And never, Dear, with Politics, trouble thy
Head.

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!
I fear Child thou'rt drunk,
Dost thou think thyself, Deary, a *Cromwel*, or
Monck?
Dost thou think that wise Nature meant thy
shallow Pate,
To digest the important Affairs of a State?
Thou born! thou! the Machine of an Empire
to wield?
Art thou wise in Debate? Shoud'st feel bold
in the Field?
If thou'st Wisdom to manage Tobacco, and
Slave,
It's as much as God ever design'd thee to
have:
Because Men are Males, are they all Politi-
cians?
Why then I presume they're Divines and Phy-
sicians,
And born all with Talents every Station to fill,
Noble Proofs you've given! no doubt, of your
Skill:

Wou'd

Wou'd ! instead of Delegates, they'd sent De-
 legates Wives ;
 Heavens ! we cou'dn't have bungled it fo
 for our Lives !
 If you had even consulted the Foy's of a
 School,
 Believe me, Love, you cou'd not have play'd
 so the Fool :
 Wou'd it bluster, and frighten, its own poor
 dear Wife,
 As the Congress does *England* ! quite out of
 her Life ?

HUSBAND. This same Congress, my Dear,
 much disturbeth thy Rest,
 God and Men ask no more, than that Men do
 their best ;
 'Tis their Fate, not their Crimes, if they've
 little Pretence,
 To your most transcendent Penetration and
 Sense ;
 'Tis great Pity, I grant, they had'nt ask'd the
 Advice
 Of a Judge of Affairs, so profound, and so
 nice ;
 You're so patient, so cool, so monstrous elo-
 quent,
 Next Congress, my Empress, sha't be made
 President.

WIFE,

WIFE. I have said it, my Dear, and I'll
 say it again,
 That your famous Congress were a strange set
 of men :
 To you, my dear Love, I may be sometimes
 too pert,
 But then, you know well, Dear, it is but for
 a Spirit :
 Tho' I do now, and then, take the Freedom,
 to glance,
 At your Dreams, and your Visions, I mind the
 main Chance ;
 Regard your true Interest, your Health, and
 your Ease,
 And am ever dispos'd, to do just, as you please ;
 Sometimes, to be sure, it is not quite conve-
 nient,
 But since I swore t' obey, I'm always obe-
 dient ;
 I defy you, to say now ; you can't for your
 Life,
 That I'm not, at the Bottom, a very good
 Wife :
 Could I see you in Prison, or hang'd, without
 Pain ?
 Then, pray, have not I reason enough to
 complain ?

HUSBAND. Psha ! for God's Sake, what
 Hazard of that do I run ?

B

WIFE.

WIFE. Psha, on, but beware, Dear, that
 you are not undone ;
 'Twou'd soon break my Heart, tho' we do now
 and then jar,
 Were you ruin'd, or taken, or killed in War.
 From the Love I bear you, and our dear Girls
 and Boys,
 I have examin'd this Book, that makes so
 much Noise :
 Without seeing thro' Mill-stones, its soon un-
 derstood,
 As sure as you are born, this will at last end
 in Blood :
 A Cabal, which the high sovereign Power
 defies,
 No matter whether prompted, by Truth, or by
 Lies ;
 No Matter for us, whether without, or with
 Reason,
 In Law, they say's deem'd, little short, of High
 Treason.
 Three thousand Miles distant, we may crow
 and exult,
 But can you hope, any State, will bear such
 Insult.
 To your high mighty Congress, the Members
 were sent,
 To lay all our Complaints, before Parliament;
 Usurpation rear'd its head, from that fatal Hour,
 You resolv'd, you enacted, like a sovereign
 Pow'r. Acts,

Acts, tho' not enjoin'd, on Pain of Gibbets,
and Flames,
Disobey'd, at the Price, of our Fortunes, and
Fames,

Your Non-Imports, and Exports, are full
fraught with Ruin,

Of thousands, and thousands, the utter Un-
doing :

While, without daring to bite, you're shewing
your Teeth,

You've contriv'd to starve, all the poor People
to death.

Into all that's most sacred, you've made mad
Inroad,

Morocco itself, wou'd be asham'd, of your Code.

Pretty Sovereigns, in truth! God help us,
what Things!

To make deep Politicians, or Statesmen, or
Kings?

If *Philadelphia* or *York*, propos'd some wise
Plan,

From that very Moment, you all branded the
Man

----- of Sense and of Honour-----derive

----Carpenters-Hall-----alive

----- murder or rob

----- Pieces-----Mob.

Instead of imploring, their Justice, or Pity,

You treat Parliament, like a Pack, of Banditti:

Instead of Addresses, fram'd on Truth, and on Reason,

They breathe nothing, but Insult, Rebellion, and Treason ;

Instead of attempting, our Interests to further,
You bring down, on our Heads, Perdition, and Murder.

When I think how these Things must infallibly end,

I am distracted with Fear, and my Hair stands an end.

HUSBAND. You've been, heating your Brain,
With Romances, and Plays,
Such Rant, and Bombast, I never heard in my Days.

WIFE. Were your new-fangled Doctrines,
as modest, and true,

'Twou'd be well for yourselves, and this poor Country too :

But supposing *Great-Britain*, quite out, of the Case,

And you all should be sav'd, by some high Act, of Grace ;

Lets return to ourselves, if you've Eyes, you will see

Your Association, big with rank Tyranny.

Its hardly worth ones while, to show Indignation

At

At that foolish Bugbear, your Non-Importation ;

For Men do so hunger, and so thirst, after Pelf,
That when thousands are starv'd, 'twill blow
up, of itself.

You have read a great deal, ——— with patient
Reflection,

Consider one Moment, your Courts of In-
spection :

Could the Inquisition, *Venice, Rome, or Ja-
pan,*

Have devised, so horrid, so wicked a Plan ?

In all the Records, of the most slavish Nation,
You'll not find an Instance, of such Usurpa-
tion,

If Spirits infernal, for dire Vengeance de-
sign'd,

Had been nam'd Delegates, to afflict Human
kind,

And in Grand Continental Congress, had re-
solv'd,

" Let the Bonds of social Bliss, be from
henceforth dissolved,"

They could not have plann'd, with more ex-
quisite Skill,

Nor have found, a tame Race, more submissive to
their Will.

Let Fools, Pedants, and Husbands, continue to
hate

The Advice of us Women, and call it all
Prate :

Whilst

Whilst you are in Danger, by your good
 Leave, my Dear,
 Both by Night and by Day, I will ring in
 your Ear---
 Make your Peace :—Fear the King :—The
 Parliament fear,

Oh! my Country! remember, that a Wo-
 man unknown,
 Cry'd aloud,—like *Cassandra*, in Oracular
 Tone,
 Repent! or you are forever, forever undone.



F I N I S.